

THE  
SCOTS  
FIGGARIES:  
OR,

A Knot of Knaves.

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A Comedy.

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LONDON,  
Printed by W. H. for John Tey, at the White-Lion in  
the Strand, near the New Exchange, 1652. £ 1

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ST 1762

A. Comedy.

Printed by W. H. for John T. at the White Lion in  
the Strand, near the New Exchange, 1841.



*To the Choise band of Approved Gallantry,*  
 ROBERT DORMER Esq;

*Sir,*



His Vessell, with her small  
 Freight (not despairing of other  
 Harbour) moves to put in to  
 the Haven of your favour;  
 The Greatest Tempest she rides under, is  
 the Owners feares, which one benigne  
 Beame from you Calmes and Disperes:  
 Acceptance Dignifies the Adventure, and  
 Crowns his Endeavours; who, yet a stran-  
 ger, is Ambitious to be Endennized (with  
 Pardon, and Permission.)

Your Servant

JO. TATHAM.

## The Persons.

*Smallfaith*, A declining Magistrate.

*Do-much*, } Magistrates continued.  
*Surehold*. }

*Folly*. The Court Foole.

*Jocky*, }  
*Billy*. } two Scots-Beggars.

*Scarefoole*, a Scot Souldier.

*Resolution*, an English Souldier.

*Worn-out*, a Courtier.

*Downfall*, a Lawyer.

*Soonegal'd*, a Citizen.

*Laymedown*, his Wife.

*Mrs Smallfaith*.

*Anything*, a Parson.

A Seminary.

*Trapheire*.

*Pinckcarcase*. }  
*Townshif*. } Blades of the Times.

*Drawforth*. }

*Wiswud*, }  
*Wantwit*. } two Bubbles.

A Crue of Country People.

*Vintner*, *Drawer*, *Souldiers*, *Servitors*.

A Publique Notary.





## The SCOTCH FIGGARIES.

### ACT. I.

*Enter Jocky with his Wallet.*

*Jocky.*



Sirs! thes eyr has a mickle geod favour. I ha creep thus firr intolth' Kingdom, like an Erivigg intoll a mons lug, and fall as herdly be gat oout. Ife sa seff here as a Sperrow under a Penthoowfe. Let the Sheriff o *Cumberland* gee hang himsell ins own gartropts, Ife ferr enough off him, ans fellow Officer th' hangman noow. I a Scot Theff may pafs for a trow Mon here; Aw the empty Weomb and thin hide I full oft bore in *Scotlond*, an the geod fare I get here! Be me saw Ife twa yards gron about sin I cam fro *Scotlond*, the Deece split me gif I cam at thee mere *Scotlond*. Ife eene noow ny the bonny Court, wur meny a Scot lad is gron fro a Maggotta a bran Goose; marry Ife in geod pleight. Weele, *Scotlond*, weele. tow gaff st me a mouth, but *Anglond* mon find me met; 'tis a geod soile geod feith, an gif aw my Contremon wod plant here, th'od thrive better thon in thair non. [*Enter Billy.*

In the foule Deels name wha's yon? a sud be me Contremon by's scratin an scrubbin; 'A lookes like *Scotlond* it sell, bar an naked; A carries nougth bet tha walth o Can aboot him, silth an Virmin.

*Billy.* Aw *Scotlond, Scotlond*, wa worth tha tim I cam oout o thee; Ife like tha wandering Jew ha worn my hooves sa thin as pauper

per; and can get ne shod for um; *Angland* has geod sooft grond, bet tha peple ha mickle hard hearts; Aw *Billy, Billy*, th'adst better hane tha stripe for stelling in *Scotland* (bet thot 'tis sin ta rob the spetle) an ha thriv'd by't, than ta come ta be hangd here, or stervd; tis keen Justace a mon sud dee sick a deeth for macking use o his hands, I ha ne oder mamber woorth ough.

*Jocky*. On's mon what gar thee in these pickle? how camst bither?

*Billy*. Een on me ten toes fir, and thay err worn oout now, thay'l ler me ne longer.

*Joc*. Wha tha Deeles fall mend 'um? sham faw thee, a Scot an cannot shift.

*Bil*. A lack fir, a mon mo not stell here for's neck, and Ise mickle sham ta beg.

*Jac*. How mon not bag! Ons th'art nen a me Contremon than.

*Bil*. Ey marry that am I, geod feith Ise a Scot, an boorn at *Andra keddin*.

*Joc*. I thoought ta be thy iddle leife, what gar thee cam hither?

*Bil*. A lack mon I sud a bein whopt about tha Toown o *Barniak* for theiffing in *Scotland*, bet brock gale and scapt it.

*Joc*. Hadst tow tha conscienc ta stell fro thy own Contre, an hast noot tha fece ta bag in an oder? fy mon, fy. Ons hoow thinkst leive? Leoke her mon, leok her, sa tha vertu o bagging [*opens his Walker and* A fir d'yee drop, d'yee drop at mooth fir? [*shows him meat*.

*Bil*. Ey fir, like a feight may mack a mon sown.

*Joc*. Sow up your chops in tha Deeles nam, gif you cannot bag ye fall not eat fir.

*Bil*. Geod feith an I ha noot eat un morfell thes twa daies, cam away mod, cam away.

*Joc*. Nee, nee, fir sey your fercnes, keep your fangs off fir, yee ma ha tha mang.

*Bil*. Ne geod feith, Ise a clere skind lad.

*Joc*. Bet monstrous lozy.

*Bil*. Dooubt not that fir, thay't pin ta deeth fir, for I ha noought ta fed 'um bet sken, an that's twa tough for thair teth—cam away mon, sum cherete good Contremon.

*Joc*. Weele set doowne—leoke thee here mon, [*they sit down* thes gis tha leg o a Anglish Prest. [*to eat*

*Bil*. Sey yee sa mon.

*Joc*.

*Joc.* Reicht weele thay bein mad up o Cappon and whit broth, thay mack their carcase fat, bet their solls len; d'yeen thenk *S. Andra* wad a scited sa mickle gift a cud a gat like met us thes? No, ne, by me saw Ise hang than; he was scitvd, thay fare deliciously; he wos tooowzy, and had no sheft, they bien buried aleife in sin lenin an town sleeffes; he stunk abo grond, they bien swetten'd leiving an deed, abo an under gron; A me saw *S. Andra* had ner don sa meny marvailles gif a had likt his carcase sa full as thay.

*Bil.* Geod feith I main pais for a sent ten, for me carcase is bat an thin enough.

*Joc.* Ey for sent Theff, for he ner did miracle — thes Torky leg cam fro a Merchants Table, thes Widgins wing fro a Citizens, an thes Goofes leg fro a Lawyers.

*Bil.* Bred, thay mack mere preambel 'boot thair boody then a w tha peple in Cristendum de aboot thair laws, how hadst tow tha fece ta speeke at sa meny dores mon?

*Joc.* A fir, I sall tach yee ta bag bravely, mind ye me noow fir, I stoll twa Coows fro me Contremon and gat tham agat ta *Comberland* ta seele, bet tha plaggy shrieife gar tham tack fro me, an sent me toll tha gale, bet I gat loole, an sa cam froward, an in tha Noorth I met a iddle Turnies lod, wha mad me thes Certifice, an sat aw those Jestece nams tol't, that tha shreife o *Comberland* had den me mickle wrong, an sa Ise cam up toll th' King for Jestece.

*Bil.* Geod feith wad I had like an oder.

*Joc.* Cam away mon, hest thee, fill thy weomb, and get thee on yon sid mon, an Ise kep o thes, and sa nen sall scap us — hark ye me mon, you mon tell 'am you cam o geod parentage, an ha lost aw your filler as ye cam for *Angland* — you mon speeke a by mon, an noot lick a Mole under gron pest herring.

*Bil.* Weele, weele, Ise be avis'd be you, gif you far weele I sall noot far amifs.

[Enter a Courtier.]

*Joc.* Gang away mon, gang away mon, seest tow, seest tow yon brow mon tofore thy cyne.

[Billy runs towards him.]

*Bil.* — Bless your honor, Ise speeke a word or twa ta your honor.

*Conr.* My honor! — Pox on your fawning hide, what would you have with me and be hang'd?

*Bil.* — Ne, ne, fir I pray your honor wax noot wrothfull, Ise a mon o geod ranck in my own Contre, an ha kept geod beasts.

*Conr.* I, for some bodies else, thou dost not look as though thou ere wert worth one.

*Bil.* Ne, ne, sir, me non proper geods geod feith; I cam wi mickle filler in me purs ta *England*, weele clad.

*Conr.* With some old Curtaines that bore *S. Andrews* story, or childrens blanquets stoll, and turn'd to Trowfies.

*Bil.* Ne geod feith, I ha een bien robd o aw.

*Conr.* Rob thee I of what? had he a mind to be lowsie? but this is an Engine laid to draw a peece of silver to you, is't not so?

*Bil.* Your Honor speekes mickle weele.

*Conr.* — There — there's some of your Countrey men at Court lives better by this trade than you.

*Joc.* Un word ta your honor.

[*he gives him.*  
*As he goes Jockie meets him.*

*Conr.* Hy day, another! I'm way laid, ha!t thou been rob'd too?

*Joc.* Ne, ne sir, ne, tha shriffe o *Comberland* has dan me mickle wrong sir.

*Conr.* Whipt you about the Pigmarket?

*Joc.* A has tacken away me Cows sir, an aw me geods, see here sir, I ha aw thos worthy Jesteece nams ta testifie.

*Conr.* There is no begger like the Scotch-begger for tricks and impudence — Come what must discharge me from you sir, and your bellowing?

*Joc.* Geod feith sir I wont filler ta gat Jesteece.

*Conr.* — Hadst thou had Justice done thee, thou hadst been hang'd long before this.

*Bil.* Bred, he's a fortuneteller.

*Conr.* There — that will serve to buy you Oatmeale; sir there is no more of your Catterwalling Companions hereabouts, is there?

*Joc.* Ne, ne sir, ant lick your honor.

*Conr.* Ne, ne, pox on your Nees and your Nose too; I'm glad I'm rid on you.

*Exit.*

*Joc.* Noow sir, ye had noot tha fece ta bag, hoow lick ye it noow sir, what ga he toll ye.

*Bil.* Thes smaw peece o filler.

*Joc.* A geod begining mon, toll'd a ye noot sum o our Contre men liev'd at Court by baggin.

*Bil.* I see noow a Scot may ly by atorete, an beg wi permission — weele to Court ta, an ly sa fest as tha beest o'um.

*Jock.*

# The Scots Figgaries.

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*Joc.* Be me saw an thair herd ta dee ; [Enter Mr Folly.  
seest tow, seest tow mon yen brawe fellow, wi' his gold Rop aboots  
neck, an's long Cot lick a fark, geod feith he's ta herd for twantyo'um.

*Bil.* He's tha feul, gis a noot ?

*Joc.* Ey, ey mon ; A has feuld himsell intoll mickle favor gif a feul  
himself noot oout agen—sey a cams aneust us mon, wees speeke toll  
him——Bless your honor sir, bless your honor, Ise gled ta tea your  
honour in heelth.

*Folly.* Be me saw th'art a bold fellow.

*Joc.* I'm your own Contremon sir, I ken your honor mickle weele,  
bleis your worship.

*Fol.* Kenst tow me mon ?

*Joc.* Mickle weele an't lick your honour, I ken your honor weele  
enough, your honour is the Kings feul.

*Fol.* A mon, he kepes mere feules than I ; bred, he's kepe tow ta  
gif tow canst feul him ; how far Scot art tow ?

*Joc.* Marry Ise a mickle wey oofe noow.

*Fol.* Bet I wad kne whar tow wert boorn.

*Joc.* Gin me Moders Weomb sir forty years agast.

*Fol.* Ons mon speeke toll me i what plece o Scotland wert tow  
boorn.

*Joc.* Geod feith gin meny sir, I ha bien boorn fro plece to plece a me  
Moders back sir, and ha seffered mickle sorrow.

*Fol.* The fow Deele tack thy large lug, wha was thy fader ?

*Joc.* A mon sir surely.

*Fol.* The black Deele a was sir, whar liev'd a ?

*Joc.* A sir at a plece your honour kens mickle weele.

*Fol.* Whar mon, whar ?

*Fol.* A sir, A sir what pleice caw ye that sir whar your honor nurst  
tha tyny babe wi wull on's back sir ?

*Fol.* Oout tha saw Deele, oout Rog—bet wha art tow mon ?

*Bil.* I'm een yar Contremon twa sir, cam ta bien a Curtier ta sir.

*Fol.* Ons a Curtier ! a Carter, tha Hangmon, tha Deele.

*Bil.* Ye ha geod friends thar sir, ye may dee mickle for us.

*Fol.* Dec mon ! bred, he that fall dee for thee fall ha enough ta  
dee ; art geod for ought ? wha canst dee for thy sell ?

*Bil.* Een what ye sea sir.

*Fol.* Oout this is base, it shams your Contre, mind ye me, wha o  
ye swaine ha mest wot ?

*Jos.* He that can sheft beeft.

*Fol.* Reight weele.

*Jos.* And that's een I, this feule had noot a face ta bag toll I boldend him.

*Fol.* Oout, oout mon. sham seeft?

*Bil.* Ne, ne. I sall grew bold enough gif I sall get bought byt.

*Fol.* Gif ye had Clad firs, what curs wad ye tacke to liew?

*Bil.* Ise cud mack tha King, blis his Worship, an't lick your honour, mickle geod Puttins an Potsloofe.

*Jos.* I'd bien oth Mint. fir, I loove ta finger filler.

*Fol.* Weele firs cam away wy me, for Contres sack Ise gat ye sum Purveyance, an sum lodging, and ran we sall find oout sum woork for ye emong 'um here.

*Jos.* Bless your honor for your benefaites.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Townshife and Trapheire.*

*Town.* Pray recollect your self. I cannot do't  
Without a lofs to my repute and fame,  
If you have but a foot of ground unsold.  
Therefore consult your thoughts, my willingness  
Shall not be wanting to procure your freedome;  
But I'd not have a dirty peece of Land  
Bring an obstruction to't.

*Tra.* Why? as I live  
I have not an Inch left; what ere I morgag'd  
Is either sold out-right, or forfeited,  
I lie not on my Credit.

*Town.* How's that Man?  
Have you credit then? Why, that's as bad.  
It is not held convenient by the Huffle,  
Lords of the sword, that any Yongster should  
Be one of us 'till he 'as not only lost  
his 'state, but's credit too.

*Tra.* Upon my life,  
Deare *Townshife*, I've not credit for a thrips;  
Thou knowst it well enough, my roaging Landres  
Will not do't for the washing of a shirt.

*Town.* Why, have you shirts then?

*Tra.* One as I live, no more, and that so thin

You may draw't through a Needle.

*Town.* What Boots have you?

*Tra.* I cannot call these any, yet th'are all,  
And as for stockings, I have long agoe  
Held them unnecessary.

*Town.* Why this Cloake,  
And th' weather warm and friendly.

*Tra.* 'Tis too much,  
The weight on't, I confess, 's not to be borne,  
Ile ease me of the burthen, It shall sink  
In sack when I'm made free, prethee about it.

*Town.* I would not for a world you should have any  
Remnant of your Estate left, 't would undo you [*Enter drawforth and*  
See, here's my Brothers, *Drawforth and Pinck-carkase.* [*Pinck-carkase*  
May I presume to recommend you to 'em?

*Tra.* You may, you may, deare *Township.*

*Drawf.* How now *Trapheire,*  
What is all gon yet?

*Town.* All he swears by's *Twibell,*  
His Cloak excepted, and its time expires  
Within this half houre; shall we make him free?

*Pinck.* *Trapheire,* you now are to begin the World,  
Which you cannot do handfomly, unless  
Your Land and you be separated, and it  
Ought ly conceal'd, 'twill rise in judgment 'gainst you;  
Therefore pray have a care, 'tis Christian Counsell.

*Drawf.* It is not fit the least peece of your old  
Adulterate fortunes should corrupt the new  
Your wit must purchase.

*Town.* Right, beside, he'l ne'r  
Have a refin'd Wit till he has nothing left.

*Tra.* The greatest Enemy I have Gentlemen is my Cloake,  
And I promise Ile see 't no more.

*Pinck.* Say you so, then to the next *Tavernie;*  
*Boy*—*boy*—a *Roome.*

*Draw.* Please you to walke into a *Roome* Gentlemen?

*Town.* What call we thee for else? [*They pass in and enter again*

*Draw.* How like you this *Roome* Gentlemen?

*Town.*



*The Scots Figgaries.*

*Town.* Indifferent ; bring us Wine and Tobacco of the best firrah.  
*Draw.* You shall indeed fir.

*Tra.* Deare *Townshif* thou must shew this Gentleman  
 The way to th' Brokers. [ *Pointing at his Cloake.*

*Town.* Is he for sale, or Mortgage ?

*Tra.* For sale by all meanes, I'd not charge my memory  
 I've ought left worth redeeming. [ *Enter boy with wine.*

*Drawf.* Bravelie resolv'd — Is't Racie ?

*Draw.* Right Racie fir beleave me.

*Pinck.* *Trapheire* to thee.

*Tra.* Drinke apace, deare *Townshif* [ *To his cloake.*  
 The sight of that same Gentleman's my tortour,  
 I prethee rid me of him.

*Drawf.* *Townshif* sweare him.

*Tra.* I can't with a safe conscience sweare as long  
 As that appears before me.

*Town.* How shall I get it out o'th' house ?

*Tra.* Leave thine here, and weare mine thither.  
 O how I hate to call it mine——awaie with't. [ *Exit Townshif.*

*Pinck.* *Trapheire*, you now must exercise your Wit  
 To live on others, as w'ave liv'd on you ;  
 Wit's never good till purchas'd, what thought be  
 With th' los of fortunes Trumperie and Traff ;  
 Content ne'r dwels 'mong dirtie Land, who sells it  
 Parts with a deale of care, and scurvie toile ;  
 Men never are ingenious that are clog'd with't.  
 The Generous spirit will not be coop'd up  
 In that same Countrey Cage, a mansion house,  
 And confines of the Buttery ; be free,  
 Thou art not worth a Groat [ *Enter Townshif.*  
 When this is spent.

*Tra.* How much, how much deare *Townshif* ?

*Town.* But thirtie by my Valour.

*Tra.* Down with't, down with't ; [ *The money laid on the Table.*  
 Ile not put up a Dodkin on't ; deare *Townshif*,  
 Drinke, drinke away, I thirst untill it's melted,  
 Your moulten silver iwallows best.

*Drawf.* His Oath, his Oath.

*Town.*



# The Scots Figgaries.

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Town. Your sword.

[Lays his hand on the Hilt  
Of his sword,

By this Hilt, and this Blade  
Which at Hounslow was made,  
You swear to be true  
To what shall ensue.

First, You swear not to make it any scruple of Conscience to cheat your Father; That you will hunt after young Heires, and when you have courted them out of wind, you'll refresh 'em with some Scrivener, Broker, or Draper; That you'll keep alwaies three strings to your bow, to make it bend till it breake; That having gotten a Bubble or Byshop, a lad of the last adoption, that you make him sensible of a Wench, though to the charge of a Surgeon, it being reason all trades should live, and if occasion be, winke at small faults. Next be sure to keep them continually at Game, or Drinking; Urge 'em to quarrell, and then take up the business, but not without profit to the Brotherhood; That what quarrels soever arise among our selves, must not cause us to fight with one another, but the Coines of the Bubble or Byshop must make us friends; That you must not pay your Coachman but with kicks, unlesse your Bubble or Byshop do, and then he owes you a fare; That your Bubble, or Byshop, and you, keep but one Purse, though two Drabs; That when you have dreined him dry, you make him free, if he sue for it, if not let him keep Company with the Titteretues, and live upon the sin of Sodom; That you'll take your chance of the day, where there is need of dipping, without grumbling.

That while you can stand  
With sword in your hand,  
You'll not be in awe  
Of the Halbertee Law;  
Kiss this — Now you are free  
Of the Huffs company.

[Kisses the Hilt]

Tra. Hey for the Brotherhood; No Wine stirring, Boy?  
You Rascal, where's your duty? absent/hah!  
More Wine.

[Enter Drawer.  
Draw-

*Draw.* You shall fir by and by.

*Tra.* Bring a Glats will hold

A Pint at least, I hate a thimble full,

We shall ne'r have consum'd this mighty ma's

If we sip thus like sparrows; *Enter Drawer.*

[*Pointing to the Money.*]

I marry, this looks like some Brother to you all.

*Drawf.* Gramercy.

*Tra.* Sirrah, cover the Boord with Bottles,

This is our Coronation day, the Room

Shall swim in Wine; be frolique Huffs, and drain

Me dry, yet I shall live when y'are all hang'd. [*He begins to be drunk.*]

*Town.* How now, how now *Trapheire*!

*Tra.* Drink and be damn'd;

Mu't I waite on your Driveling?

*Town.* *Drawf.* to you—Charge him home.

*Draw.* *Trapheire* a whole bottle to thee—I'm up toth' Chin.

*Tra.*—So, so fir,—y'are a fine fellow; Is all paid?

*Town.* No, all's not come in yet.

*Tra.* He stay no longer.

[*He takes Townshirts cloak up.*]

*Town.* Pray leave my cloak behind you.

*Tra.* Your cloak fir? how came it to be yours fir? I have one some where.

*Town.* Yours is at the Brokers fir.

*Tra.* Is it so fir? I thank you for your information.

*Drawf.* There lies the vertue on't.

*Tra.* So fir, I thanke you twice; for once I care not if I put my Cloak into my pocket.

[*He snatches up the money.*]

*Town.* But *Trapheire*, *Trapheire*.

*Pinck.* Who pates the house?

*Tra.* Let the house pay it selfe; dip, dip and be hang'd you that have Cloaks, am I bound to fill your insatiate Gorge eternally.

*Pinck.* What Asses were we to let the mony ly so long, knowing his Rascally humour, he'l not pay a Penny when he's in drink—See what thou canst work him to.

*Town.* Boy.

[*Enter Drawer.*]

*Drawf.* Sir—I shall fir.

[*They whisper.*]

*Town.* *Trapheire*, a prize *Trapheire*.

*Tra.* Of what? Sprats?

*Town.*

# The Scots Figgaries.

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*Town.* A Gudgin man, a Gudgin's come to Net ;  
The Master of the house desires admittance  
To play a Game at Ticktack for a Peece ;

And thou knowst *Trapbeire*——bah—— [*He shakes his Arms.*

*Tra.* I know it Rogue ;  
And thou shalt play with him for all he's worth ;  
Ile venture on thy hand my whole Estate,  
This my trusty Blade. Provided alwaies fir—— [*Enter Master of*  
*Town.* That you have half——'tis granted—he's here; [*the house.*  
Thou knowst I have no money.

*Tra.* Thou shalt not want deare Bully, Ile not leave  
My selfe a George. [*He gives him his money.*

*Town.* Spoke like thy selfe, come be so.  
There fir, pay your self.

*Mr.* Y'are kindly welcome Gentlemen, fetch my Quart.

*Tra.* Death, what's this ?

*Ombes* Ha, ha, ha——Only the Reckoning paid fir.

*Tra.* Y'are Rogues, Shirks, and Cheates ; Ile indict you

*Pinck.* Buoy good fir, imploy your Tongue at *Billinggate* ;  
Adieu, adieu. [*Exeunt Town. Pinck. Drawforth.*

*Tra.* Farewell and be hang'd.  
For your part firrah, Ile have you up for keeping of a Bawdy  
house. *Exit.*

*Mr.* Do your worst fir, do your worst. *Exit.*

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## ACT. II.

*Enter Folly, Iocky, and Billy, very Gallant.*

*Fol.* Y'ar mickle braw firs, y'ar mickle braw ; bred, ye leoke mere  
lick Burgemasters noow thon hedg creepers ; ken ye your  
sells firs ? ken ye your sells firs ?

*Io.* Geod feith fir, gif aw that sud ken themselfs, wad ken themselfs,  
nen wad ken us ; A me saw fir, I'd rader ha 'um trast me thon ken me,  
far gif thay sudken me reight, thay'd sea me deed tofore thay trast  
me.

*The Scots Figgaries.*

*Fol.* Y'ar mickle wise sir, ye ha rob'd a feul fur.

*Loc.* We wish you weele sir, we wish you weele.

*Fol.* Sey ye sa fir ? y'ar vary cheretable; ken ye me firs ? On's, ye are gron lee loofly you'l knee ne body; wha set you up in tha Deeles nam ? wha, wha put thes gay fethers on your back ? eene I, an noow yol flee away tatba Deelee, Harke ye me firs, gif ye bien sa high, Ise tack ye down wy a Plague ta ye; wha had y'ar intail'd Virmine tane off ye wy a murren ? wha, wha gat ye a —

*Bil.* Oour faders and moders fir.

*Fol.* Did thay sa fir ? bred, gif thay gat ye, thay ner cud gat feod enough for yar side Weombs; Are you provander prickt noow firs ? ha, wha am I ? ha firs, ha, wha am I ?

*Bil.* Oour geod friend fir, blisse you.

*Fol.* The Deelee wound ye, sleight ye me ? On's, Ise sa geod a mon gas aw in *Scotland*, an ha mere siller in me purse.

*Loc.* Anglish stamp fir, I beleev't.

*Fol.* Ye beleest ! wha tha Deelee cares for your beleest ?

*Loc.* Geod fir, geod fir be sober.

*Fol.* Bred, Ise not drunken; ha ye bien at cost wy me firs ? hah ! Ise fall uncats ye firs, an ge your Arse tha Ayre agen, are ye sa hot firs ? want yea Cooler ? Bred, Ise ge ye sick a Rattle wy a Rom ore tha Riggins fall mack your Ribs reore firs.

*Loc.* Geod your honor put up your wroth, an wees buckle oour Wots; wees yar on Contremons ye knee weele enough.

*Bil.* An sud leve won oder; y'ave a geod Mester fir, an oour Contremon, wha macks mickle o you.

*Fol.* Bred, an Ise mack sa mickle o hum as I can.

*Loc.* He's a geod mon fir, and you ha wot enough.

*Fol.* Ken you that mon, ken you that ? On's, an ye bien not wud ye ma ha wot ta chep enough; bet Ise ne body, my benefaits are noought woorth.

*Loc.* Y'ar aw body fir, wees at your Commandement.

*Fol.* Sey ye sa fir ? why, noow ye speeke, be vis'd by me, an ye fall oout wot 'um aw; mind ye me firs, will ye be avis'd ?

*Loc.* Sed ye fir, wy aw our harts.

*Fol.* Ise ha ye turn Dooctors.

*Loc.* Ise a Dooctor, a Dooctor; geod feith, wees mack braw Dooctors.

*Fol.*

*Fol.* Mind me mon, mind me ; Thes Kingdom's mickle sick, tha Curt o tha Cety, tha Cety o tha Curt, an tha Contre o beoth, an aw o'um o tha Kirke, an tha Law ; tha Kingdom's Livergron wy iddlines an Raches, and noow noought can cur it bet a Scots Dooctor, ne matter for your skill.

*Loc.* Geod feith fir, wees ha skill enoough ta bleede its filler vains Ise warrant ye.

*Fol.* Ha bet confidence, lye and dissemble handfomly.

*Bil.* Wees y'ar on Contremous fir, doobt it noot.

*Fol.* Tha nam o a Scot gis enoough ta cur aw their maladies ; ge 'um pefon an thay'l tack it for a Cordall : perswad 'um thay ar sick thay'l beleeff ye, and gif ye mack 'um sick thay'l beleeff thare in beest helth, bet ye mon carry sem show o hollines wy ye, an profels aw for thayr geods.

*Loc.* Sa we fall fir, an tack 'um when we ha deon.

*Fol.* Billy fall gaing toll th' Contre, and tow salt kep behind, an bien Dooctor here, and gif tow hest wot enoough tow canst noot wont werk.

*Loc.* Ne good feith, I fall mack me sell werk enoough, for gif I can hel ne distampers Ise mack enoough emong 'am.

*Fol.* Cam away than, cam away.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Trapheire and Boy.*

*Boy* —— 'Twas Morning ere he went to bed fir.

*Tra.* — All's one ; tell who 'tis, and 'twill be warrant Enoough for your awaking him ; 'tis businels I come about, and of concernment too, That cannot admit delay.

*Boy.* He venture then to call him fir. *Exit.*

*Tra.* Do so —— if this designe Of mine prove prosperous, *Townshif*, it will be Some comfort to me that I am even with thee.

*Enter Boy.*

*Boy* He'l waite upon you presently, He's rising.

*Exit.*

*Tra.* A good Lad —— *Townshif* arme thy selfe, for I am prepar'd To give thee an assault, and dare thy *Adion* At Law, if Wit and Sword should faile, Deare *Townshif*.

*[Enter Townshif.]*

*Town.* By this light I have not slept

A minute ; what's the news ? you serv'd us bravely  
the other night at *Taverne*.

*Tra.* On this drinking !

This perillous Drinking will destroy us all ;  
Thy pardon my deare heart , the business now  
I come about will try thy friendship.

*Town.* How ?

I hope no quarrell.

*Tra.* Yes, with my base stars.

*Town.* But what's the matter, tell me ?

*Tra.* That's my meaning,

A sort of Rascally Bailiffes dog'd me hither,  
And thou knowst if I be once ta'en I am  
A slave perpetually.

*Town.* What wouldst thou have me to do ?  
Wee'l send to *Drawforth* and the rest.

*Tra.* 'I won't do,

They'l make but a disturbance in the street,  
Yet I may be surpriz'd for all their Valour,  
And then I am undone ; the hopes I have  
in one I am to dine with lost, which might  
Be worth to thee and me some hundreds Bully.

*Town.* Send for him, now let him take up the business.

*Tra.* What, ere I'm throughly known to him ; besides,  
Should he take this up twenty more would follow't,  
Who knowing me so low now, do forbear  
To execute their rigour.

*Town.* What wouldst thou have me do ?

*Tra.* Harke thee, I've thought upon a fine Deceit ;  
Hast any Patches in thy Chamber ?

*Town.* Rare ones,  
Of all sorts.

*Tra.* One to Disguise my face, with a Cloake, would  
Do't to the life.

*Town.* Sure they are gon, Ile send to see.

*Tra.* Oh hang 'em Rogues, th'are sculking at th' Lanes end,  
Or some blind Alehouse——Dearest *Townshifs* do't.

*Town.* Do what ?

*Tra.*

# The Scots Figgaries.

15

*Tra.* Lend me thy Cloake, and Ile contrive a Patch  
Shall cover my left eye, they may not know me.

*Town.* I know not what to do——I should go forth  
My selſe.

*Tra.* Nay prethee *Townſhip*——

*Town.* Will you leave  
Your Sword then, you'l have no——

*Tra.* Prethee wouldſt have me  
Paſs by 'em unprovided, put the worſt,  
They ſhould deſcry me.

*Town.* There's no trick in't *Trapbeire*?

*Tra.* No more trick than you ſee; I prethee meet me in Fiſh-  
ſtreet at the Feathers, where wee'l dine; there thou ſhalt ſee my  
friend, and Ile reſtore thy Cloake deare *Townſhip*. [*Enter Boy.*

*Town.* Well, thou ſhalt ha't—— Boy fetch [*Enter Boy with Cloake.*  
My Cloake and patches—'tis thine, there take it. [*Gives it him.*

*Tra.* Gramercy; Is't hanſome?

*Town.* Very well; I muſt lie down and take a Nap at twelve;  
I will not faile to meet thee. *Exit.*

*Tra.* Sirrah boy, be ſure you wake him.

*Boy.* I warrant you ſir. *Exit.*

*Tra.* Ha, ha, ha,

I'm ſworne to cheat my father, and 'tis fit  
He that firſt made the Gin ſhould hanſell it. *Exit.*

*Enter Smalſaith, Folly, and Jocky.*

*Smal.* —Sir, you are kindly welcome, and the oftner  
You viſit me, the welcommer you ſhall be;  
I honor men of knowledge. Maſter *Folly*,  
I am oblig'd to you for his acquaintance.

*Fol.* —Geod feith ſir, an he's worth yours; I ſhall play him wy-  
any Angliſh Dooctor in the VVarld.

*Joc.* Ne ſir, Ile can dee mere than Ile ſpeeke ſir.

*Smal.* — I beleeve you ſir,  
By what I find of truth within my ſelſe;  
I muſt confeſs, I am not altogether  
So right as I would, my body tels me  
I may admit of Phyſick.

*Joc.* Mickle weele ſir.

*Smal.*



*Smal.* I'm troubled with the Spleene, a strong disease  
Amongst ns Magistrates, which makes me teare  
'Tis not for cure.

*Joc.* He cur it in twa minutes gif ye ha;  
Bien trobl'd wy it twanty years, an aw  
Your tribe gif tha' cam toll me.

*Fol.* Ne, ne, he's reight.

*Sal.* You'd do a wondrous cure then.

*Joc.* I sall dee't o me honor; bet that's noot aw  
Your Malade, ye are noot soound at heart fir.

*Smal.* I know not that fir.

*Joc.* Planty an iddlenels ha bred grois humours in you, whilke  
mon be poured away, or elke ye dee for't; bet He sall ge ye that fir,  
sall mack ye bare an leight enough.

*Smal.* I thank you fir; accept this, pray, and I  
Shall further gratifie, but be speedy,  
Good fir, with your Preparatives.

[He gives  
him gold.

*Joc.* He gang aboot it stret, He gang aboot it fir.

*Smal.* Your servant Gentlemen, I shall heare from you fir.

*Joc.* Soone, mickle soone fir;

*Exit.*

Leoke mon, leoke aw thay bien sick o gis like fin things as thes, fiew  
golden lads mon, fiew mere are woerth a Leards land fir; geod feith  
gif their veynes wul ran like droops as thes wees drain um dry — A  
simple feuls, that ken noot whan th'are weele, bet wull bien wasting  
thair means toll set thair boodies oout o frame — a feuls, feuls.

*Fol.* Ne matter mon gif oought can be gut wy putting um oout o  
fram, tha Deelee try his skill to put um in agen for *Jocky*. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Billy, and a Crew of Country People.*

*Bil.* Kepe off fir — kepe off, ga me wund toll speeke toll ye; He  
cam for aw your geods, mind ye me?

*Omnes.* Very well, very well.

*Bil.* He cur aw diseases, aw manner o Malades, an sall tack noought  
o yefor me peyn bet your filler; Gif there bien er a Kirke Prest  
among ye choak'd up wy Pluralties o Benefaits, tha Poowder in thes  
pauper macks the Impostom breck, an tacks aw away clere — Gif  
any Prest bien vext wy tha Babylonish mang, thes Purgation med in  
me non Contre, curs hum were he ner sa fer spent.

*1 Conn.* For our Doctor fir, for our Doctor.

*2 Conn.*



2 *Conn.* For our Vicar.

[*He disperseth  
his papers.*]

3 *Conn.* For our Parson.

4 *Conn.* For our Curat.

5 *Conn.* For our Bishop, Prebends, and Curates.

*Bil.* Gif any emong ye bien troubl'd wy tha neyce o Organs in your lugs, thes poowder curs you for ever.

1 *Co.* For our Town sir.

2 *Co.* For ours too sir.

[*He disperseth &c.*]

3 *Co.* And ours, and ours sir.

4 *Co.* And our whole County sir.

*Bil.* Gif eny emong ye bien blind wy tha seight o Lawn sleeves, thes cures and restores ye.

1 *Co.* For my Landlord sir.

2 *Co.* For mine too sir.

[*He disperseth.*]

3 *Co.* And mine.

4 *Co.* And mine.

5 *Co.* And mine.

*Bil.* Gif eny emong ye ha tha beon o a tith'd Soows babey stick in your wund pip, thes saw cur you stret, and tack aw away.

1 *Co.* For me sir.

2 *Co.* For me too sir.

[*He disperseth.*]

3 *Co.* And me sir.

4 *Co.* And me sir.

5 *Co.* And me sir pray.

*Bil.* Gif eny emong ye bien troubl'd wy heart burnings, tha Poowder in thes pauper curs ye stret.

1 *Co.* For my Neighbour sir.

2 *Co.* And mine sir.

3 *Co.* And mine too sir, I pray.

4 *Co.* And som for our whole Town good sir.

*Bil.* Gif eny o ye bien sore wy ore mickle burdens, an weary o your Riders, thes Poowder macks ye strong ta orethraw um, or ta bar greater.

*Omnes.* For us all sir.

*Bil.* Gif eny o your stomachs bien opprest wy Law, thes pell fall remooove tha cause, an tack it away. Gif eny bien hard boound, thes fall mack mickle free.

1 *Co.* For my Landlord sir.

2 Co. For mine too sir

3 Co. And mine sir.

4 Co. And mine sir.

5 Co. And mine sir.

*Bil.* Gif eny emong ye bien trobl'd wy a scurvy mooth, thes tacks aw felth away.

1 Co. For my wife sir.

2 Co. For mine sir.

3 Co. And mine sir.

4 Co. And mine sir.

5 Co. And my Mistresse sir.

*Bil.* Gif eny bien trobl'd wy a loosnes, thes ties 'um fest as a Rope or hawter.

1 Co. For my wife sir.

2 Co. And mine sir.

3 Co. And mine sir.

*Bil.* Geod Peple, noow I ha gau ye aw remedies ta your Malades, twa dees hence Ise fall bien her or noot ta sey whot operation thay ha had upon ye; Ise sur ye fall ha remedy or non; an sa far ye wall.

*Exit Billy.*

*Omnes.* Farewell sir, farewell.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Traphair, and Witwud.*

*Wit.* A pretty place this.

*Tra.* But the Company!

The Company dear Coz hither resorts

Gives life and sweetnes to't; the rarest wits!

So rare! a man may lose himsel'e ere he

Discover 'em—for they are not to be— *[Aside.]*

Discovered—Besides, the Women, Ladies,

Of such excell'g beauty, you would swear

They painted—and not be forsworne, as merry

As Cupid when he wantons.

*Wit.* And you spent

Your meanes amongst 'um?

*Tra.* And spent rarely well!

I've no remorse for't. Can you sing?

*Wit.*

*Wit.* Not I Coz.

*Tra.* How Coz ? not sing I why then you are no Company ;  
We have a merry life so long as't lasts.  
He lay my life you fence not neither.

*Wit.* Yes,  
My grounds I do.

*Tra.* Have you the grounds of fencing ? that is, to  
Make the Passado, to retrieve, comply,  
Defend, make up, close, and Disarme;  
You know not this I warrant ?

*Wit.* Not I truly.

*Tra.* I cannot think what will become of you,  
When you meet Men of valour.

*Witw.* I pray keep me  
Out of their company, I love no quarrels;  
I came to study th' Law.

*Tra.* At a fine time.  
Y'ave bought no Books I hope.

*Wit.* I, but I have.

*Tra.* Returne them to the Bookseller for shame ;  
A Sword will prove more usefull : hark ye Coz,  
I am resolv'd to have you learn to fence.

*Wit.* I'd rather learn to sing.

*Tra.* That ye shall too :

*Enter Townshif.*

Your money will do all things——yonder's Townshif,  
How like a Rogue he looks ? I will not shun him.

*[aside.*

And Cozen, as I was telling you

*[Townshif puts him  
by the sleeve.*

*Town.* With your leave fir.

*Tra.* 'Twas well askt fir,

What's your will with me ?

*Town.* My Cloak fir—wher's my Cloak fir ?

*Tra.* Even at the Brokers fir——

*Town.* How—you are a Rogue.

*Tra.* That's nothing fir—— your railing will not fetch it out agen.  
*Townshif* I love thee, thou knowst I doe.

*Town.* A pox upon you.

*Tra.* Thou knowst the oath, I'm not to spare my Father.  
And though we quarrell, yet we must not fight.

I'm punctual to my Oath ; but if thou hast  
The conscience, I am ready.

[*offers to draw.*]

*Town.* Is he sunk for ever.

*Tra.* No, it may rise again, if you be civil.

*Town.* Is that your friend ?

*Tra.* And Kinsman.

*Town.* Wilt thou cheat him too ?

*Tra.* My Oath is past, I will not be forsworn  
For a Kings ransom.

*Town.* Nay then, I'm satisfied.

*Tra.* Come, be known to him—— Coz, this is my friend.

*Town.* Sir, I kisse your hand.

*VVit.* I thank you heartily sir.

*Tra.* Fie Coz, fie, there's a complement.

*VVit.* He does not look as though he needed ought,  
Save what thou wantst, a Cloak.

*Tra.* Good wit Coz, good wit.

*Town.* Oh Rogue, how he claws him.

*Tra.* Where shall's dine ?

*VVit.* I'll to the Ordinary.

*Tra.* Where ?

*VVit.* In *Fetter-lane*.

*Tra.* To feed on Bruis, and be fery'd with Linnen.  
As fable as the chimney. No, weel take  
A Coach, and hence to *Fish-street*.

*VVit.* What shall we do there ?

*Tra.* Eat fish, the World does not afford the like.

*VVit.* But th' Coach is costly,

*Tra.* Pough, I'll be at that ;

'Tis said the Milk of Asses, makes men fat.

*Exeunt.*

ACT. III.

ACT. III.

*Enter Jocky, and Misfris Smalfraith.*

*Jock.* FY Mastres fy, geod feith y'ar mickle oout; I ga hum noought bet convenable stooff.

*Mrs Small.* Y'arè a Rascall, a Scotch Horfeleech, a Doctor, a Dolt-head: Oh the madneis of the men of these times; if any of them be but a little out of temper, none can set them right but a Scotch Doctor forsooth, as though all the English ones were fooles. But Sirrah, Sirrah, it is well known my husband *[she runnes at him.* was never distempered, till he came acquainted with such a De-coy as you—Curse on the time— *[VVeeeps.*

*Joc.* Geod Mistras hark ye toll me.

*Mrs Small.* Hang you Rascall, my Husband was never troubled with whimsies in his head, nor never rail'd against his Superiours; he was ever a quiet man, and an honest man, and had the love of the whole Court, and so had I too. Many a good turn have the good Gentlemen done me, which I must never expect now agen, so violently my Husband railes against the Government. But if he suffer fort, thou shalt not weare a Nose to thy face; a Nose on thy face laid I: Nay if there bee a sign-post in all this Town I'll hang thee on't— Ah poor heart. *Enter Mr Smalfraith.*

Here hee comes—See what a pickle you have put him in; My fingers itch to come at thy face, that ugly *[he runs at him.* face of thine.

*Joc.* A me saw shee's a Deelee, and wull spell aw my Market gif I ser her noot lick him; thes gis otha sem powder, whilke gif sha smell ta, wull mack her sa lick him as may be.

*Mrs Small.* Sweet heart.

*Mr Small.* Oh, art thou there? tis well; there has bin nere A Pursevant here yet to fetch me, has there?

*Mrs Small.* A Pursevant for you! for what cause Husband?

*Mr Small.* I am too honest, that is cause enough.

*The Scots Figgaries.*

There is a Councill Table, Yes forsooth,  
 And at it is contriv'd mens ruines——hah.  
 Who's that ? who's that ? ist not for me they ask ?  
 I shall be lost quite, if I look not well  
 About me.

[Starts.

*Mrs Sma.* True, y'are in the way to undo  
 Your selfe, and me, and all your Family.

But this is thy Gin Rascall ; Oh I could tear thee. [runs at him.

*Joc.* Mistras ga me whil toll speeke toll ye ; thes wudnes o his,  
 cam fro tha corruption o his hart : Aw that Iga hum was like as  
 thes, be me saw smeel Laddy, smeel Laddy.

*Mrs Small.* I have not Patience.

*Joc.* Ne, ne, be noot wud, smeel toll it.

[She smells,

*Mrs Small.* My thinks tis very comfortable.

[She starts.

*Joc.* Hoow doll ye geod sir ?

*Mr Small.* Oh Mr Doctor is't thee ! art safe ?

'Tis wonderfull there's nothing charg'd against thee !

There is an Office call'd the Green-cloth too,

Has no man had thee there yet ?

[She starts

*Joc.* They ken me sa weel sir—— It warks brawly.

[agen.

*Mrs Small.* Hark you Husband, what is that you said but now ?  
 I beleev't, what was't ? the King is pestilent, wilfall ; hah ; I was't so ?  
 why then, for ought I know, hee must bee beaten into better man-  
 ners.

*Joc.* Reight weel sed geod feith.

*Mrs Small.* Honest Mr Doctor, pray come in sir ;  
 You are the welcom'st man come to my house  
 This fortnight—— Husband love him, has he not  
 A taking countenance ?

*Mr Small.* No body at the Gate?

[Starts.

I am posselt with feares and jealousies.

*Mrs Small.* And well you may be Husband, I am sure  
 You have had cause enough, good Man, I grieve,  
 I grieve to think on't.

*Mr Small.* Mr Doctor, be advis'd ;  
 Pray go not unprepar'd ; to Night you shall

Take my house for your shelter, things work strangely.

*Mrs Small.* Sweet Mr Doctor you shall be so welcome,

It

It passes ; truly, y<sup>e</sup> are a man upright  
 In every thing I warrant, pray come in sir.  
*Joc.* Geod feith, tha cal's is awter'd.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter a Crue of Countrey People.*

1 *Comm.* Bring forth your Prongs Neighbours ; All men stand up  
 for the truth : And he that will lie on the Sunday, is not to be tru-  
 sted the week after, what say you Neighbours ?

2 I say a Sundaies lie may go as far as a work-daies, my reason is,  
 it has more leasure to travell.

3 For my part neighbours let them lie that will I have no more to  
 doe with a lie, then a lie has to do with me ; if any lies with my wife,  
 it shall go hard but ile do as much with his.

1 I, if he have one Neighbour.

3 Why, if he have none Neighbour, I must go without ; no man  
 will be a slave I think.

2 A slave ! who has such a mind let him have it still : For my part  
 Neighbours, Ile worke hard, earn my bread with the sweate of my  
 browes, none shall eat away the fruit of my labour, but I will sit  
 down when it is done, and laugh, in despight of all the Kalsars in the  
 World.

4 Hold a pluck there Neighbour, 'tis ill playing with edge-tooles ;  
 that word despight comes not in handiome, and may bring us all  
 to the Pot.

3 What ! have wee a scab'd sheep amongst us ? lets cleere our  
 flock of him.

4 Hold Neighbour, hold, I am for you with all my heart, but  
 give me leave to speak to you ; I am but a fool 'tis confest, but chil-  
 dren and fooles tell truth sometimes, you know.

*Omnes.* And what of that, and what of that.

4 I say again, 'tis dangerous meddling with edge-tooles ; there's  
 store of trees here abouts, and there may bee Gibbets made of them,  
 and you know well enough what fruit Gibbets bring forth, I say no  
 more, but be carefull what you do.

*Omnes.* Away with him, away with him.

4 One word more Neighbours, one word more ; it is not well  
 to mocke our Superiours, much worse to threaten them : for as I  
 have heard, there was a suit at Law commenced about a Fart.

*Omnes.*

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha, how man, how!

4 Why, I will tell you Neighbours, be but patient; there was a fellow, He not tell his name, was pissing against the wall, the Mayor came by, now you know the Proverb, tell a tale to a Mare, and 'twill let a fart; but here the case alters, for the fellow let the fart, and the Mayor took it in the nose, and caused the fellow to be carried to the Town Hall, as Prisoner.

3 The Mayor was a Horse, or a Whorson knave, what's this to us?

4 Now toth' suit.

2 'Tis worn out, weel have none on't.

4 Neighbours lay down your Prongs, take my devise;  
'Tis an old Proverb, be merry and wife.

*Omnes.* Away with him, away with him, we will break the Cords of our slavery.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Jocky, and Folly, and Anything.*

*Fol.* Thes gis tha Doctor, I toll'd ye o fir, mickle wise an holy,  
My non Contrymon ta fir.

*Any.* Sir the Character

The Town receives of you, makes me ambitious  
Of your Acquaintance.

*Jock.* I complamen noot fir, Ise doown reight Scot;  
Aw verety an honesty.

*Any.* The better fir.

That language is the freest from deceit,  
That carries most simplicity.

*Joc.* Ne, ne, Ise noot la sample neder.

*Any.* Pardon me;

I speak not in that sense, but have regard  
Unto the Metaphor; I don't conclude,  
'Cause th' Organ of the soule may be infected,  
The soul must be imperfect; for I've known  
Men rarely endu'd, that Nature has deny'd  
The benefit of expression to.

*Joc.* Y'ar a Scollard fir.

*Any.* And I presume you one. I have read something  
Of th' Metaphysicks, though I took not on me  
The function, or the practice: But, no more



Of that fir, 'tis not wildome in a man  
Unskil'd, to hold a weapon against a Fencer.

*Joc.* Mickle weel sed geod feith.

*Any.* All my Discourte

Drawes to this Period ; that is, you'd be pleased  
T' afford me your opinion ; some thing I aile,  
But know not what, save this, a deprivation  
Of breath, and find it pre-judiciall to  
My Calling.

*Joc.* You ha bad lungs fir, whilk macks ye short wound.

*Any.* I could have told you that fir ; My defect  
Proceeds from thence ; but for the Remedy——  
I know my failings.

*Joc.* You'l faw fir intoll a Consumption very soon fir, gif ye tack  
noought ta kepe ye fro it; Aw the dreggs o *Rome* mon be tane fro ye.

*Foly.* Gead feith, gif he tack yee in hand fir, y'ar aw hole.

*Joc.* Y'ar ta fat at hart fir, Plurales bred bet iddlenes, an iddlenes,  
bad humors ; yee mon kepe a spar diet fir, an be brought lo wi  
Purgations fir, an whan tim sers ha sim Comafortives fir.

*Any.* Sir, I shall trust my body to your Care.

*Joc.* Bet I'll net trust me saw to yours. [*aside*

*Enter a servant.*

*Ser.* Sir, Mr *Soongul'd* desires you would come with the Doctor  
to him presently.

*Fol.* I sal swett hart, my Jo ; Doctor, you mon ta Mr *Soongul'd*  
wi me.

*Any.* You are sent for fir, I see.

*Joc.* Bet I sal ha ye in mind fir.

*Any.* As soon as may bee—farewell fir.

*Exit.*

*Joc.* Fer noot fir, fer noot.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Trappeire, Witwund, and Townshif,*

*Drawer with wine.*

*Draw.* This is the best Room Gentlemen.

*Witw.* It stinks of Tobacco, don't it Coz?

*Town.* How Tobacco !

Tobacco is Companion for a Prince.

*Wit.* I take none though.

*Tra.* Then you want education; fill Boy, fill. *Exit,*  
*Townshif* to thee.

*Town.* Let it come. [*Enter with Pipes and Tobacco.*

*Draw.* Sir, ther's some Gentlemen in the next Room desires your Company.

*Town.* What are they?

*Draw.* I think their names be *Drawforth* and *Pinckcarcase*.

*Tra.* Plain *Drawforth* and *Pinckcarcase*; well admit e'm.  
 Shall it be so Coz?

*Wit.* I hope there'll be no quarrelling.

*Tra.* What if there be?

Have you not here your men of Iron by you.

Can you be better back'd and breasted sir;

*Townshif*, the Rogues have got a Bubble.

[*Enter Drawforth,*  
*Pinckcarcase, and*  
*Wanwit.*

*Town.* The more the merrier——your servant,  
 Gentlemen.

*Drawf.* This is our friend, and desires your Acquaintance.

*Pinck.* Gentlemen, a man of worth, Ile assure you.

*Wit.* What Countrey man I pray sir?

*Wan.* An *Essex* man sir, your servant.

*Drawf.* The better flesh Ile warrant.

*Wan.* I know not that sir, I have neer bin tri'd.

*Wit.* Nor neer shall be for me.

*Pinck.* Drink, drink about.

*Town.* To thee *Drawforth*.

*Drawf.* A health to thy friends Mistris.

*Tra.* Well done, about with't.

*Wit.* I thank you Gentlemen.

*Trap.* What I not begin another?

*Wit.* I've drank too hard allready; this same glais and no more ::  
 Gentlemen, your Ladies health sir.

*Pinck.* Why *Traphiere*, whence this gallantry?

*Tra.* What an idle question

Is that of thee; why, who should do't, but this?

He sent his Taylor to take measure of

The buildings of our bodies.

*Town.* And th' appurtenances.  
 Came to us by like Providence.

*Drawf.*

*Drawf.* Drink, drink about.

*Tra.* Coz, let me give thee o're our Wine some Counsell;  
You are a landed Man, be carefull what  
Strange Company you keep; for there are Cheats,  
And desperate Cheates abroad, will make no Conscience  
To bring you into Bonds, and make you sell  
Or morgage all you have; take heed good Coz,  
What Company you keep.

*VVit.* He that cheats me, shall have good luck Coz.

*Pinc.* When does your Taylor fit your body with  
A fashionable sute; this beares an Antique  
And worn-out date. A gentleman of your Fortunes  
And walk so like a Cow-driver.

*VWant.* I will have one 'gainst Sunday.

*Pinc.* Some six yards makes me one too, let it be so; hab!

*Drawf.* The like proportion fits me, twelve, us both.

*VWant.* Well it shall be done Gentlre-men— [*begins to be drunk.*]

*Town.* Drink, drink about, your friend is gone.

*Drawf.* He send yours after him.

*VVit.* I-must-be-gone, 'tis-late.

*Tra.* No sure. What, by thy Watch?

*VVit.* The hand is upp-on-on-twel-ve.

[*be's drunk.*]

*Trap.* A pretty Watch, I prethee lend it me,  
To have another made by.

*VVit.* Tis-a-Watch-of Price-Coz.

*Tra.* I would not borrow it else.

*Pinc.* What store of Chink have you?

*VWant.* Money-enough, mony-enough.

*Pinck.* Lend me a peece or two.

*VWant.* There-there Boy.

*Drawf.* The like to me sir, come, I shall, I shall.

*VWant.* There-sir. He-be gon—

*Pinck.* The house, the house, to pay.

*Enter Drawer.*

*Draw.* Twenty two shillings and y're welcome Gentlemen.

*Drawf.* make it up five and twenty, and you two shall cast Dice  
which payes it——are all parties agreed——I know [*Exit.*]  
our noble friend will not be backward.

*Town.* Nor ours; Heroick spirit wilt thou?

*Enter Drawer with Wine.*

*Draw.* Her's more wine Gentlemen.

*Town.* About with it, about with it.

*Drawf.* The Dice, the Dice.

[*Exit Drawer.*

[*They throw.*

*Tra.* Come tis a good throw Coz.

*Drawf.* But that's better fir; your friend paies.

*VVit.* Hang him he cheated, he's a cheat.

*VWant.* Nere go not I, Gentlemen.

*VVit.* You lie, you lie.

*Pinck.* How the lie? will you take that?

*VWant.* How shall-I-help it pray?

*Tra.* Well done Coz.

*VVit.* —Hang him- he's-but a Country puppy Calfe.

*Pinck.* Throw a Pot at's head.

*VWant.* I shall-not-hit-him. If-I-doe; I am-no-more

Puppy-then your self——

[*throws a pot.*

*Drawf.* Why, that was well done.

*VVit.* Ile-kick you firrah—— I learn'd-that of-you Coz——

*Pinck.* Gallants expect to hear from us, and suddenly.

*Drawf.* A Coach there.

*VVit.* I hope, they—wait—not for us——hah!

*Tra.* What if they do? we fear em not, pay, pay;

Boy there's your reckoning. Call a Coach Boy.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Scarefoole.*

*Scaref.* Ha ye wark for a Scot Sawyer, wha ha bien aw tha Wirl'd ore ons ten toes; Ser'd aw Religions, an can tha better be o eny. I ha kil'd tha Whar a Babilon, Body an Saw, brent aw her Rawlecks wi tha fees o zeale. I can carry twa feces under won hood: I can be a Sent, an I can be a Deel, gif ye ha wirk for me; I ha seeme a powre a riches in me dees, but ha broought noought beom wi me bet St *Andras* Crofs, want an Poverty.

*Enter Billy, Jocky.*

*Bjll.* A fir! the bonny siller came a pece, gif I told um a tale, they'd

thay'd ga mickle heeds ; geod feith won pell ser'd aw malades.

*Joc.* An whot pell wos thot mon ?

*Bil.* The Pell o sedition.

*Joc.* A, ken you thot mon ? tha sam set tha Magistrat an's wife intoll feares an jealousies, turn'd tha insid o tha Kirkmon ooutwards, an noow's aw gall, tha Cetefon gis as bitter ; tha Leyer cannot stond he's brought sa weeke wy me Purgations, and tha Curtier noot worth tha grond a goes on ; I ha let aw his geod as weele as he's bad bleed oout.

*Scar.* Saw ye Gentlemen gif ye ha a mind ta bien saw'd, ken ye me firs ?

*Joc.* How sud we ken thee mon ?

*Scar.* Wha, noot *Scarefool* your Contremon ?

*Bil.* Whar hast bien mon ?

*Scar.* Aw tha Wirl'd ore firs, an noow aw plices are wary o me, Ise cam ta *Anglond* toll seeke wirke.

*Joc.* Here's wirke enoough gif ye bien wif ta deele wy tha Anglish mon.

*Scar.* Geod feith Ise chet 'um thay wern ner sa cheted, show me toll 'um, whar liew thay ?

*Joc.* In th' Cety, and Contre ta ; marry, bet cam away wy us mon, wees tack a drinck first, an tawke mere on't.

*Bil.* Cam away *Jo*, cam away.

*Exeunt.*

## ACT. IV.

*Enter Soonegn'd, and his Wife Laymedown.*

*Soon.* **D**Own with this Babel-builder, this Court pride,  
Dagon and his Idolaters shall down.

*Lay.* I, down with 'em husband, down with 'em, they have stood long enough ; I am sure their long standing have made you come short many a time and often, but I hope now husband you'll take 'em down a Button hole lower.

*Soon.* Am not I a man?

*Lay.* You think so husband, I warrant.

*Soon.* Why, a King's no more.

*Lay.* Nay, is he that husband? troth I dare say our man *William* is as good a man as the best of you; for as they say, a man is a man and he has but a hose on's head.

*Soon.* Well, I am resolv'd *William* shall forth.

*Lay.* Forth, how do you meane forth? I hope you will not leave me unprovided at home; you know your own business abroad, and I am certain he can do your business at home better than your self—oh husband, husband here's the Scotch Doctor. [*Enter Jocky, Folly.*]

*Soon.* Mr Doctor, what news Mr Doctor? [*Billy, Scarefoole.*]

*Joc.* Nengood sir, nengood sir, bet me frond ha had hes cafs pul'd ore his lugs.

*Soon.* By whom, by whom?

*Fol.* Wha, wha, bet tha prod Prelates sir; He told 'um o thair knavery, an thay gar tack away me brawery; bet thooch thay ha tacken away me Cot, thay fall ner tack away me conscience, that's holl an sound, an ned nen o thair pachings o thair preachments.

*Lay.* O wicked, wicked children of darkness!

*Joc.* Her's a frond o min sir, a mon a meight an mettell, wha ha endured meny a brunt and storme, he fall stond betwixt ye in aw harme.

*Soon.* I shall be glad of your acquaintance sir.

*Lay.* True, truly sir, you have a face like a man, you'd do the business I warrant, let you alone, but gently to the women sir, for we are twigs, and may be bow'd which way you list; meere tender twigs sir.

*Scar.* Bred, bet sam o ye bien tooch enoough.

*Lay.* We are a long time indeed a bringing up, but then we are soone cast downe; women have tender hearts, and tender flesh, and tender consciences, though naughty men report that we have none; husband shall they walk into th'Parlor; I do love to enter into Dialogue with these Gentlemen, they talke so prettily.

*Soon.* I, with all my heart.

*Lay.* You will meet with sir fine Plunder 'mong the Ladies; you shall dine with us too — you may make me amends with a Court smock; I look to weare one in truth, they are so fine and so perfum'd, it passes.

*Soon.*

*Soon.* Come sir, wee'l discourse of our affaires  
After w'ave din'd — you'l dine with us too Gentlemen?  
*Joc.* Wees tackye ot yar word. *Exeunt.*

*Enter Anything, and Boyes following him.*

*Any.* Nay, you may do't sirs, you may do't, you have warrant for't; 'tis well enough known, the Pompe of the Prelates, the Whore of *Babylon* her selfe in her feathers, the Kings of the earth commit fornication with her Plu-alities of Benefices makes men but idle, saies Mr Doctor, and idlenefs makes you fat, and fat makes you purisy, and so by consequence short winded; It is a trick of *Rome* to starve our Religion; Let *Iezabell* be brought before the Elders, and the whore of *Babylon* to the Whipping post, let her have lash upon lash; let her smock be given to the Rag-men, it may come to be Paper, and her Condemnation writ in't; let the Whelpes and the Cubs be brought to the Stake, baite 'um, baite 'um, baite 'um, I am your warrant saith Mr Doctor.

*Boyes.* Master Doctor's an Afs.

*Any.* Children you talk not like men, you are but midling Christians, 'tis well known to the Parish.

*Boyes.* That Bedlams fit for you.

*Any.* Those that will follow me, let 'um follow me,

*I am now for the Truth,*

*And the Covenant in sooth.*

*Exeunt.*

*Boyes.* Hi, hi, hi, Stow the Frier, stow the Frier. [*They sing.*

*Exeunt asier him.*

*Enter Downfall and Worn-out.*

*Down.* You see what he has brought me to, my Crutches;  
I was ere held an able man you know;  
Had my tongue at Command, and my head too,  
But now they both are so enfeebled I  
Have scarce the use of either; if I had  
It were all one, the Countrey People are  
Bewitcht into beliefe, they have as much  
Reason and Law as I, and will become  
Their own Sollicitors, and Councell too.

I cannot last long, but expect still when  
My Crutches will deceive me, and I fall  
To th' ground for ever.

*Worn.*——I am brought to nothing  
As well as you, I little thought a Scotchman  
Could ere have dreind my Veins, and purle so dry,  
I am not worth the ground I go on; so  
Dejected are my thoughts; my spirit-lost,  
And all the hopes of my recovery  
Extinct and buried.

*Down.* I should not have known you,  
Had you not told me who you were; you are  
So changed from your self. Oh those were times,  
Worthy to call to mind, (though to our griefe)  
When you and I, like Twins, deriv'd a being  
From one anothers sustenance, the Monopolies  
That you projected, and I perfected!  
Like two expert Limners, the one imploy'd  
To fashion th' face, the other to finish it.

*Wor.*——I, those were times indeed, but all I got  
Then, has been since consumed; and I guess  
You are not much the better; I am weary  
I protest of my life, and would thank him  
Would do me so much good as take it from me.

*Down.*——Patience is the best remedy where no  
Better can be obtain'd; 'tis vaine to crave  
The thing we want when 'tis not to be had;  
Your dancing daies are done, and all the breath  
The Scot has left me scarce will heat my fingers.

*Worn.*——And my affliction does the more increase  
To see my friends disabl'd, as I am,  
From helping one another, 'tis a griefe  
That's inexpressible. and not for cure.

*Down.*——What Fortune sowres, content must sweeten, he  
Is the best man o'comes his misery.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Smallfaith and his wife.*

*Smal.*——For my part, I am but a man, and I owe but a death,  
let



let them take it, as they say they will, give 'um good on't, let them come, let them come— where are they ? stand, stand, stand.

*Wife.* Husband now you talk of standing, pray let me lye down, and then let 'em do their worst, I desie 'em.

*Smal.*— And so do I, wee'l to the Terret, Woman, and there we are secur'd 'gainst Devill, and Par'evant.

*Wife.*— I'm weary'd off my legs with doing nothing but running up and down in e'ry Nooke and Corner like a Rat for feare of catching.

*Smal.*— They are comming, they are comming ; let me come in woman, let me come in.

*Wife.* I would you would come in husband once, you have been out long enough to small purpose I'm sure.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Surehold, Resolution.*

*Ref.* Beleev'e it, their Design aimes at our ruine ;  
And though the Cord they make be somewhat finer  
Than Ordinary, 't will choak us at the last ;  
I hold a naked freedom better far  
Than an adorned Prison ; golden fetters  
And Iron ones produce a like effect,  
What differs them 's but curiosity.

*Sure.* Into what a Lethargy has these rabble Scots  
Betray'd the peoples senses ? tell them on't  
And they'l abuse you for't. Nay, though they see  
Distraction brought unto their very doores,  
They'l look on't, and not know it till they feele it,  
And then will tamely kiss the Rod that whipt 'em.  
A Nation proud and Arrogant as the Beggar,  
That when h's got a Bonnet 'bove his wearing,  
Will scarce bow to the Giver. All the service  
They ever did this Nation was to help  
The people eat their victuals, and share their fortunes.

*Ref.* Th'are good for nought, but to eat, louze, and sleep,  
And stinck a street up. Tell you stories of  
*Don John of Austria*, the Magull, great Cham,  
Their valour at *Madril*, *Levant*, or where

You will, and this in some blind Chimney Corner  
In fume and smoake, rouz'd up with lanted Ale,  
'Till that their faces do resemble th' Towns  
They set on fire; And yet dare not encounter  
A Rat or Weeſell.

*Sure.* — Yet the world reports  
Them, men for ſiege the beſt, and can endure  
The greateſt hardſhip.

*Reſo.* Very true, if they  
May but ly ſtill they'l feed on one another,  
Rather than venture on their Enemy  
To get the leaſt Proviſion, and indeed  
The worſt will ſerve their turne, for they are men  
Loves any thing but beating, yet they'l take  
That too if need be; take 'em down a little,  
And you may fillip dead a ſcore of them.  
It is a ſhame the Engliſh ſhould become  
Such mules to ſuch baſe burdens; I'm reſolv'd  
To turne the Chance o'th' Dy that favours them,  
Though to the hazard of my being.

*Sure.* — I will  
Be tane a peece of ſervice fit for Chronicle,  
And you ſhall want no furtherance.

*Reſo.* If I bring not  
The Souldier, Doctors, and their Crue of Cheaters  
As tamely to be hang'd as puppy Dogs,  
Let me receive no credit from you after.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Soonegall'd and a Seminary Priest going to weigh the  
Covenant with the Popes Bull.*

*Soon.* Sir, though I hate your Bulls, and your Decoyes,  
And know you have two ends to all your waies;  
I feare you not, for Truth will ſhew her ſelfe  
In ſight of all the clouds you caſt upon her.

*Sem.* You are in th' right. Truth will appeare, and that  
To th' ſhame of your trim'd Covenant; for though  
She be but plaine, ſhe is more glorious

*Then*

Than all the glofs and Colours that sets forth  
That new devise, Created to deceive  
Poore simple people, and at last your selves.

*Soon.* These are but bandying, Ile pursue my wager.

*Sem.* Ile venture ten pound more y<sup>e</sup> are lost in weight.

*Soon.* You'l lose your selfe fir with your confidence.

*Sem.* Bar treachery and I care not.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Trapbeire, Witwud, and Townshif.*

*Wit.* I cannot endure this fighting Coz, a Dad.

*Tra.* Pox, take your Dad; is that an Oath for a Gentleman?

A Lad at ten sweares more profoundly; you'l  
Be quarrelling, and then you dare not fight;  
As though I were a wall of Steele or Bräs,  
To stand betwixt you, and receive the Darts  
Cast at you; Sir, why did your Cowship send  
An Answer to your Challenge, if you found  
Your bloud so Coole and Phlegmatick?

*Wit.* 'Twas your doing, — I had not had the heart else.

*[aside.]*

*Town.* For preservation of your honour fir  
Could you do les than Answer him?

*Wit.* What was he

That brought the Challenge?

*Town.* Pinckcarcase by name.

*Wit.* A devillish name, and full of devillish ends;  
This fighting is not lawfull; prethee Coz  
Take up the matter, I have little maw to't.

*Town.* What, now the Hostage Reputation  
Is past, will you Recant, Reneage, Revoke,  
Recoyle, Revert? stand to your Principles.

*Wit.* I shall not stand an inch of ground beleeve me.

*Tra.* 'Tis pittie thart worth any; let me see,  
How shall we do't with Honour?

*Wit.* 'Tis no matter

For that thing Honour; let her walk alone,  
I don't desire her Company on such tearmes,  
Sweet Coz, sweet Coz.

*Tra.* Let me see — I'm resolv'd  
That you shall fight him.

*Wit.* Coz, I had forgot  
I sweare, a strange infirmity, that is  
I zound when as I heare a Gun shot off,  
And tremble at a Pistols, all my senses  
Become as uselesse.

*Town.* Why, 'twas your own motion.

*Wit.* No matter, 'tis but so much charges lost,  
I will not fight with Bullets, I've more conscience.

*Tra.* Why, then you must prepare a Case of Rapiers,  
For *Townshif* and my selfe, ours are grown dull  
With often usage.

*Wit.* Oh, the better Coz !  
They'l do less mischief.

*Tra.* Then your fencing Master  
Must make you at your Chamber fit for th' field.

*Wit.* That's past his skill I'm sure ; more charges Coz.

*Tra.* It cannot be avoided ; if you mean  
To fight on foot, and put off your Horse combate.

*Wit.* In my mind 'tis horse-play to fight on foot ;  
But hark you Coz, don't you make winking at  
That Weapon ye call sharp, I'm not so set.

*Tra.* Fye, winking, No, how will you see to hit him ;

*Wit.* No matter so he hit not me ; but mayn't I  
Bar Points being the Challenged ?

*Tra.* That's base, and Player-like.

*Wit.* I'de rather play so, than worke otherwise.

*Town.* Come, come, resolve, you know the time draws neere.

*Wit.* I would it did not, I love not to think on't ;  
Can we throw nothing in Times-way to make  
Him stumble, and stop a little.

*Tra.* Resolve upon your weapon ere he be  
Furnish'd with horse and Pistols.

*Town.* He lay my life he's that already, then  
'Twill be unworthy in you to —

*Wit.* Good sir, talk not to me of Worthies, my Father was none  
of the Nine ; he ne'r kept Company with your Huffs, nor Puffs ; he  
ould

could drinke in a Taverne and ne're quarrell about the Reckoning, he liv'd without knocks, and dy'd in the love of his Parish.

*Tra.* But he has left a quarrellsome son behind  
Must pay for all.

*Wis.* I sha'n't stand much upon  
That point, so I may be discharg'd from beatings;  
Methinks a skin set out with Eylet holes  
Appeares not handsome, nor a face to be  
Painted with black and blew, I hate those colours.

*Town.* What will you give him shall take up the business without  
loss to your honour?

*Wis.* A man cannot lose  
That which he never had; My Father was  
A man of Bags, and might have been a Knight  
When Knighthoods went a begging.

*Town.* But to the matter,  
What say you to my proposition?

*Wis.* Troth,  
It sounds well, let me see now what in Conscience  
You will demand?

*Town.* But twenty peeces.

*Wis.* So;  
To save a man from beating, very good!  
How many such d'ye meet with in the year?

*Town.* Hundreds, hundreds fir.

*Tra.* Men must live Coz, men must live.

*Wis.* Any where but on me (good Coz;) but fir,  
Before my Coz here, Ile give you ten.

*Tra.* Ten is too little in all conscience Coz.

*Town.* Consider fir the danger.

*Wis.* And the Charge  
Already I've been for horse and Pistols;  
But those I hope you will return me, when  
The peace is made.

*Tra.* Not one, expect not one,  
Th're forfeit Goods to us Lords of the Soile.

*Town.* 'Tis true, y've been at charges, and for that  
Reason Ile undertake it at your rate;

Forbid, but I should beare a Conscience too.

Meet us at th' Mairmaid.

*Tra.* At the houre of twelve.

*Town.* The precise time.

*Tra.* Cozen, he will deserve it.

*Wit.* Would I had his Art

To live by when I and my fortunes part.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Wan/wit, Drawferth, Pinckcarease.*

*Pinc.* He is the Challenged, and justly may  
Designe the way of fighting, and the Place;  
But though you have provided us with Horses,  
Swords, Pistols, and so forth, yet there's a thing  
Cal'd money, we do want, put case he should  
Fall by your hand, in what a case were we?

*Drawf.* Suppose that you should fall;

—I, there's the Danger.

*Drawf.* We must fly for't, and that we cannot do  
Conveniently, without a sum, the Oratory  
Of Silver makes our passage free and safe,  
The want of it detaines us; open, open  
Your close-mouth'd bags, and let them speake to us.

*Wan.* Troth Gentlemen, Ile tell you, and I lie not,  
Th'ave got a hoariness since they came to Town,  
And speak so low, a man can hardly heare 'em.

*Pinc.* One Mortgage fir will raise their voice againe.

*Wan.* Well, well, he might have ta'ne another way  
To worke; had I been he, and he been me,  
I would have askt him Mercy.

*Drawf.* But you see  
He is a man of spirit, spirit, fir!

*Wan.* I would he had no more then I, a gnat  
Is better furnisht; I have heard my Mother  
Protest, and solemnly, I had a heart  
No bigger than a hazell Nut.

*Pinc.* —Why, saw she't?

*Wan.* No, but she felt it; 'tis an imperfection

In Nature I can't help, and 'tis as cold  
I warrant as a Cucumber.

*Drawf.* And riseth  
So little in your stomach I

*Want.* Troth, as little  
As may be sir; how shall I heat it Gentlemen?

*Drawf.* Drink wine and Drab.  
*Want.* Why, so I do you know;

Yet when the flame of drinking's o'r, I fall  
Into the Noose of Taverns, like a Pigeon.

*Pinc.* Only then y'ad best fight when y'are drunke.  
*Want.* And so.

Be hang'd when I am sober; no, I beare  
Too great a Conscience.

*Drawf.* If it be a burthen  
Too hard to beare, wee'l teach you how to throw  
It off, and live as we do without any.

*Want.* Take up this quarrell Gentlemen, and have  
My heart for ever.

*Pinc.* What to do, to throw  
The hounds ye starve? yet that so little, 'twill  
Not be a mouthfull; 'tis your money we  
Value the most, let your heart go as't came.

*Want.* Why, I shall mortgage next weeke.  
*Pinc.* Are you serious?

May we give credit to you?  
*Want.* I've occasion.

*Drawf.* Thou shalt have more rather than want; my Bully,  
We are thy Guardians, who assault our ward  
Suffers, unlesse he be on a sure Guard.

*Exeunt.*

ACT. V.

## ACT. V.

*Enter Jocky, and Billy.*

*Billy.* **B** Red, thos Anglish ar Deeles, w'are aw lost men; Aw oor knavery is out, nen wull tack oor parts; Tha Cetefons hong thare heds doown lick bull rushes, an won noot bien sen for us.

*Jock.* Hoow cam thay in tha Deeles nam fa aw o won mind? Ise fur Ise ded whot Iie cud toll mack 'um bet on oder ta deeth; tha Deeles seere 'um, thar lick Serpans that gif ye smit 'um stander wull joyne agen.

*Enter Scarefoole with his sword drawn.*

*Scar.* W'are aw lost, sheft, sheft, tha Deeles a comming toll tare tha Covenant sha yeer heeles. sha yeer heeles, spang away firs, spang away.

*Exit running.*

*Joc.* On's gif tha men o War fice, whar fall we hid our iells —  
Aw fir, fir.

*Enter Resolution with a or 3.*

*Reso.* Take them into your Custody, they are  
Your lawfull prize.

*Exit.*

*Bil.* A firs, a firs, geod feith wees ment ne bad.

*Soul.* What Mr Doctors I have we found ye? who can cure the Citizen of his head ach but the Scotch Doctors? who their wives of the Tooth-ach but the Scotch Doctors? the Scotch Doctor is all in all, the Kirke will take no Physick but of the Scotch Doctor; the Country will be cheated by none but by the Scotch Doctor; the Court and Gentry will be begger'd by none but the beggerly Scotch Doctors; come away and be hang'd.

*Exeunt.*

*Joc. Bil.* Mercy firs, Mercy, Mercy, Mercy.

*Enter Scarefoole running with his Sword drawn.*

*Scar.* Hawd, hawd, hawd fir.

*[he trembles.]*

*Resolue.*



*Resol.* Nay, I don't intend  
To take th' advantage of you as I may,  
I owe a greater honour to true valour;  
I have heard Nobly of your Countrymen,  
And therefore to assure my selfe Report  
Lies not, I have expos'd my Person to  
This single hazard. [*he trembles.*]

*Scar.* A fir. I dee leov you.

*Resol.* And I shall love you too, if that I find  
You prove as Gallant as y'ave spoke your selfe:  
Consider what dependances are on you,  
Whom y'ave involv'd by your large promises  
To this Engagement; let them see you dare  
Do something for their money.

*Scar.* Be me faw fir

Y'are a mickle Gallant mon, Ise thra me sword an hert at your non  
feet fir.

*Resol.* That's base, not Souldierlike; submissiveness  
In this Case speaks you Coward, and if so,  
My breath has been ill spent; what, will you fight?

*Scar.* Noot a neust ye fir, geod feith I leove a English mon wy  
aw my hert. A fir, A fir, send aw reight, send aw reight — her tack  
me weppon, Ise your non Prisoner fir geod feith. [*He offers his*

*Resol.* Since thou art so base,  
And not fit for a Noble Treaty, take  
This, this, and this.

[*sword.*]

[*kicks him.*]

*Scar.* A geod fir, use me like a Gentlmon.

*Resol.* A Gentleman, a Swineheard, hangye, go,  
The Bubbles broke, the wind gave Being to.

[*kicks him.*]

*Exeunt.*

*Within.*

Y'are welcome Gentlemen, shew a Roome there Boy.

*Enter Trapheire, Witwud, Townshif, and Drawer.*

*Tra.* Sirrah, there will some Gentlemen aske for us,  
Direct 'em hither.

*Draw.* I shall fir; what's your wine?

*Town.* Sack, Boy, the quickning sack; and such Tobacco

As may inspire a spirit into clay,  
Quick, and as sharpe as lightning.

*Wit.* Oh good sir,

I can't endure to think upon a storme ;  
Talk not of lightning, it does bode some quarrelling.  
The calmest language is the best, when there's  
A peace intended.

[*Enter Drawforth, Pinckcarecase,*  
*Tra.* Here they come ; now Coz [*Waniwit, and Drawer with wine.*

For your honour seeme somewhat averse  
To an agreement ; carry your selfe stoutly,  
With an unalter'd Countenance.

*Wit.* 'Tis not in  
The power of humane frailty.

*Tra.* — Gallants, welcome ;  
Yare men I see for Credit.

*Wani.* What must I say ?

*Drawf.* Carry your selfe manly.

*Wani.* What would I give now for an Inch of manhood ;  
How he does eye me ; would I had a look [*Drawf Tra. Town. and*  
But halfe so piercing, I de encounter then [*Pinck whisper.*  
With Basilisks ; It carries daggers in't  
Will penetrate a Coat of Male ; there is. [*Wit and Waniwit*  
No safety but in distance. [*stare at one another.*

*Wit.* How he looks at me !  
With such a hungry countenance, as though  
He meant to satisfie himselfe upon me ;  
But if he knew but what a peece of flesh  
He had to deale with, hee'd not be so greedy ;  
I was not cut out for a Royster ; sure  
Nature ne'r meant me for the field, unless  
To call my Cattle home, or try my hounds.  
I am so great an enemy to a sword  
I weare none when I ride ; Oh, how yon fellow  
Would spurne me, like a Mushrome, could he get  
Me but alone ; but he shall be hang'd first.

*Tra.* What, all this while and speake not to each other ?  
Why, you have hearts of Oake : Not bow, deare Coz !

*Wit.* I cannot help it.

*Town.*

*Town.* Come, we must have you friends.

*Want.* With all my heart sir.

*Wit.* How's this? the man's bewicht;

See what the Gold can doe!

*Wit.* If you please sir, I am your humble servant.

*Tra.* And what say you Coz?

*Wit.* Hum, I smelt, 'tis so,

The fellow is a Coward on my life.

Are they not all so? 'tis a blessing then.

*Drawf.* Come sir, our friend is willing to passe by  
All the affronts you gave him, if you'll wave  
His Challenge.

*Wit.* Ile wave nothing but my Sword  
Against my Enemy.

*Town.* Shall we be friends?

*Wit.* A friendly blood runs not yet currant in me;  
Be challenged by a dunghill Cock? I scorne it.

*Tra.* Why, this is rare! Coz, Ile spit in thy mouth.

*Pinc.* Sir, 'tis your friends desire as well as ours  
To prevent bloudshed.

*Wit.*—Let such things as you,  
That dare not waste their blood be sparing on't;  
For my part, Ile not value if he Tap  
From me a Pailefull.

*Tra.* Who the Devill Conjur'd  
Up such a spirit in him?

*Pinc.* Your friend's grown——  
Take him down, or by this light  
Ile kick him.

*Tra.* Pough, let me alone for that.

*Want.* The Gentleman grows angry, Ile be gon. [*to Drawforth.*]

*Drawf.* Hang him, a Coward, a meere Coward, friend;

*Want.* How, a coward! he speakes not like one;  
I would his hands were ty'd behind him, I  
Would make a triall on't; but he has teeth  
Strong as the tusks of Boares, and legs more stiff  
And big then any Bedspost, I should do  
no good upon him.

*Tra.* Come Coz, throw

G 2

Your

Your Ranting habit off, the Scene of War  
Is past, and now put on your Robe of Amity,  
The Bride-garment of Peace.

*Wit.* — Peace ! who shall peace ?  
'Tis sawciness to tell me so.

*Tra.* How's this !

You worme ! 'sight, if I lay my hands  
Upon you once, Ile teare you into nothing,  
You Cowardly simple Puppy. Sirra, Ile—

[*he takes him by the  
shoulder.*]

*Wit.* Not so loud good Coz ;  
You know I have but follow'd your directions.

*Tra.* Be hang'd, and overdone it, ha'n't you sirrah ?  
The Gentlemen shall know you have not spirit  
To look a Cat in th' face, if that you ben't  
More sociable.

*Wit.* — Good Cozen, Ile do any thing.

*Tra.* Well, I have brought him to't with much ado ; [*takes Wit.*  
Here, shake hands, ~~you must be friends.~~ [*by the hand and*

*Wit.* Well, if I must, I must, patience is a vertue, [*brings him to*  
And Ile embrace it — I am your friend sir. [*Wit mud.*

*Wit.* I shall never be your foe sir.

*Wit.* So said, and so done sir, will do well.

*Tra.* The Rascall acts it handsomly.

*Pinc.* To your credit :

Ours is the silliest Rogue.

*Drawf.* Boy, more wine ;  
Would we had Musicke here to celebrate  
This Nuptiall.

[*Enter Drawer.*]

*Draw.* I will send for some.

*Tra.* Do so ; come, here's to the Married Couple.

*Wit.* I do beleeve we both can't get a Boy [*Enter Fidlers.*  
Will prove a Souldier.

*Pinc.* Ah sirrah, are you there ?

*Fid.* I am your own man sir.

*Pinc.* Let's have a good Ayre, but drink first.

*Town.* Drinke about Gallants, what the Musick duls you ;  
Hast e're a new song fellow ?

*Fid.* Yes, of the Scots comming into England.

*Tra.*

*Tra.* That, that by all meanes.

*Fid.* Pleas'e you to heare me— 'tis but a Ballad put to  
One of their own tunes.

*Pinc.* The better, the better, let's hear't.

Song.

**C**Am land, land y' ar lugs Joes, an Ise speeke a song,  
Sing heom agen Jocky, sing heom agen Jocky.  
O bes bonny deads, an hes proves emang;  
Sing heom agen, heom agen, O valent Jocky.

Sirs Jocky's a Mon held a mickle Note,  
Sing heom agen Jocky, &c.  
Tha breech o tha Covenant stuck in hes thrate;  
Sing heom agen, heom agen, &c.

For Jocky wes riteous, whilke ye wad admire;  
Sing heom agen, &c.  
He fooght for tha Kirke, bet a plunder'd tha Quire;  
Sing heom agen, heom agen, &c.

An Jocky waxt roth an toll Anglond a cam,  
Sing heom agen, &c.  
Ene whance he'd retorne, bet a lack a is Lam;  
Sing heom agen, &c.

An Jocky wes armed fra top toll too,  
Sing heom agen, &c.  
Wi a powre o Men, an t'b' are good Denks I trow;  
Sing heom agen, &c.

So valent I wis thay wer, an sa prat,  
Sing heom agen Jocky, &c.  
Ne cock nor hen durst stond in their gat;  
Sing heom agen, heom, &c.

In every streete thay ded sa fluster,  
Sing heom agen, &c.  
Ne Child durst shaw hes bred an butter;  
Sing heom agen, &c.

*The Scots Figgaries.*

*Now when our forces they herd on o're night,  
Sing heom agen, &c.  
Next morne they harness themselves for a fight;  
Sing heom agen, &c.*

*There Denke was the mon that wai be sen footie,  
Sing heom agen &c.  
He feet us a while, stret twurn'd Arfs about;  
Sing heom agen, &c.*

*Our men that ater these valent Scot went,  
Sing heom agen, &c.  
Had ner fond him out bet by a strong sent,  
Sing heom agen. heom agen, o valent Jocky.*

*Tra.* Ha, ha, ha! it's good enough for the subject, [*Enter Drawer.*  
*Pinc.* Drink about, drink about; More wine Boy;  
Here *Witwud* to thee.

*Town.* Let's discharge the Musick.

*Wit.* With all my heart.

*Town.* There ye Rascals.

*Fid.* Thanke you Gentlemen.

*Exeunt Fidlars.*

*Drawf. Trapheire* to thee.

*Tra.* Let it come, a Pint and thou darst.

*Pinc.* Art mad, *Trapheire* is drunke enough, hee'l be  
Not company for a Dog immediately.

*Tra.* To your Mightiness sir.

*Pinc.* I shall pledge your Highness sir—to you sir.

*Wit.* Excuse me pray sir, I am almost spent.

*Pinc.* Not pledge me!

*Tra.* No, he shall not pledge you sir;  
What then? he is my friend.

*Pinc.* But why should he  
Be more excus'd then ours? will you drinke for him?

*Tra.* Not, neither sir.

*Pinc.* Then he shall pledge me sir.

*Tra.* He shall not sir.

*Town.*

*Town.* Nay *Trapheire*, what dost meane? [*Pinc. throwes the*

*Tra.* Hang him turd— Are you good at that fir? [*Pot at him.*

I shall returne you Answer by this Messenger. [*Drawes.*

*Wit.* Good Coz no fighting; I will drink a Gallon

Rather than lose one drop of bloud —It is

Too pretious for the floore to drinke. [*Enter Drawer.*

*Draw.* Gentlemen your noise has drawn Souldiers into the house,  
tha'e comming up; as many as can get into that little Closet,

*Pinc.* I would not be in custody for a Million;

The Rode, the Rode — [*Tra. Pinc. Town. and*

*Drawf.* That's all our faults, in, in. [*Drawf. yet in.*

*Wit.* Where shall we be? *Enter Souldiers.*

*Soul.* Where's all these Huffs — what you two make this noise?  
hurle Pots, breake Glasses, you are youths indeed; Is this a time of  
night for you to rant in? come you must with us. *Exeunt.*

*Wani.* Nay good Gentlemen.

*Enter Drawer.*

*Draw.* Gentlemen, you may come forth, the coast is cleare.

*Tra.* Where's the two Gentlemen?

*Draw.* They have ta'ne 'em with 'em.

*Pinc.* Did they pay the Reckoning.

*Draw.* No fir.

*Tra.* A pox upon you, why did you not aske 'em for't?

*Draw.* I durst not fir, for feare they should say, the rest of their  
Company was above.

*Pinc.* 'Tis right, the Devil's on't, this was your doing *Trapheire*,  
Will you pay the Reckoning now?

*Tra.* Not a penny, Ile keepe unto my Oath, throw who shall dip  
or pay if you will. [*Townshifit throwes.*

*Pinc.* Here's Dice, throw—twelve, hang ye Rascal! [*Pinc. thro.*  
Now my Chance —'tis passable—throw. [*Drawf. throwes.*

*Draw.* Mine is the worst.

*Tra.* But mine's the worst of all — Sirrah Boy will you take  
this Cloake for your Reckoning?

*Draw.* I know not fir whether I shall or not.

*Tra.* You shall not fir, now, you know, as long as such Spankers  
last; what's to pay? [*he wks his money,*

*Draw.* But thirty shillings fir.

*Tra.*

*Tra.* Death! but thirty saiest thou? well, there 'tis;  
I shall be even with some body.

*Town.* Why, this was handsome *Trapheire*.

*Exeunt.*

*Enter 2 or 3 Servitors.*

*Ser.* Make room for the Magistrates;  
The Prisoners — *[Enter Do-much, Sur-sbold, Resolution, Scare-*  
There — *foole, Jocky, Billy, Smallfaist, and his Wife,*  
*Do.* Which are *[Soonegul'd and his Wife, Anything,*  
The Prisoners? *[Downfall, Worn-out, Seminary, Pub-*  
*Resol.* These sir. *[lique Notary.*

*Joc. Bil.* Mercy, mercy, Master Judge.

*Sure.* What are those?

*Resol.* The subjects on the which these Villaines practis'd their  
subtilties and deceits; first, I shall tender my Charge against 'em,  
then produce my evidence.

*Doe.* Very well, very well, proceed.

*Resol.* In brieft (Sir) then they have infected most  
Part of this Nation; here's a thing,  
A man of Reputation once, and bore *[Pointing to Smal.*  
A place amongst you.

*Sure.* I do pittie him.

*Resol.* And now is fit for no place except Bedlam:  
Here is another, a man you would think *[to Anything*  
The Devill could not worke upon, and yet  
These Scotch ones have. The Lawyer, father of  
Contrivances, is noos'd in one himselte;  
He cannot stand without his Crutches, and  
His head's so light his nose is every minute  
Ready to touch the ground.

*Sure.* What is that Gentleman? *[To Worn-out.*

*Resol.* Do you conceive him one? have they left ought  
Upon him like a Creature? may we sweare  
He is a perfect man, no Ghost? 'tis hard.  
The hurryings he has had with sleeplefs eyes,  
Continuall Purgations, Bleedings, what not,  
That they could but invent to bring him low;

He's



He's all's left of a Courtier, and deserves  
Your pitty; there's no double doores betwixt  
His heart now, and your eyes; he's so transparent  
You may see through him. Tis not these alone  
Th'ave brought to this, but all the Country people,  
Both Common sort, and Gentry.

*Do.* What say you for your selves?

*Joc. Bil.* Mercy, mercy, mercy, wees leave tha Anglish mickle weele.

*Sure.* Yes, it appears so; weele requite your Loves,  
But cannot say, with your own Coyne, because  
You never were worth any, but wee'le find  
A way to pay you home.

*Resol.* When they had thus  
Spread their infection, they begin to thinke  
Their safety would not last without the Souldier;  
And to that end and purpose does perswade  
The giddy People, which they had before  
Distemper'd, with their Poysons, to receive  
This man of Feather, as their grand Protector:  
They take him, and to Covenant they go;  
Two hundred thousand pounds! (a sum would buy  
Their Kingdome) must be raised and paid to them.

*Do.* Very fine.

*Resol.* But marke fir the event,  
I am resolv'd to open what they did  
For all this Money.

*Do.* T'will do well indeed.

*Resol.* They gave a peece of Paper, in the which  
Were strange things promis'd then, As if that all  
The Courage of the world contracted were  
In their, and but their Nation.

*Sure.* And what found you?

*Resol.* I now proceed to that; I found 'um fir,  
Like Bull-rushes, that tremble if the wind  
But blow on them, they run and tumbl'd o're  
The necks of one another, like to tiles

A Storme forces from houles tops; this any thing  
 But man, who own'd the name of their Protector,  
 In the most abjectt manner, and beneath  
 The Spirit of a man, threw at my feet.  
 His Sword, and him selfe too, on single tearmes,  
 Without a stroke; *Scarefoole* they call him, and  
 They must be Citizens or none that feare him;  
 A Rat shall make him run to his own Country.

*Scare.* Ife a Gentlemon sir, mind ye me? Ife gange toll me non  
 Contre wy aw me hert gif ye wul.

*Sure.* Not in such haste sir, wee'l reserve you for  
 Another purpose—take him hence to prilon.

*Scare.* Tha faw Deele fier thot tong. [he is carried off.]

*Refs.* What thinke you sir that Paper, cost so much,  
 Is worth in weight? here's one will tell you sir.

*Pub. No.* I am a publike Notary by profession,  
 And dare speake nothing but the truth; the wager  
 Palt on this Gentlemans side, the Popes Bull weighed,  
 It down by much, the other was not worth  
 In weight a Penny loose.

*Omnes.* Ha, ha, ha!

*Sare.* But what make you here sir?

*Sem.* Not to do harme sir.

*De.* Stay not here upon

Your perill sir, your Bulls have too long tails.

*Sem.* I stay but for a winde sir.

*Exit Seminary.*

*Soon.* I must confesse we have been much deluded,  
 Cheated, and Cozen'd by these perjur'd Scots,  
 Under the shew of zeale and honesty.

*Lay.* Hang 'em Rogues, they complaine they are pillaged, you  
 made 'em not bare enough sirs, you should have taken their skins off  
 too, they would have made monsters of us, but truly my husband is  
 a Naturall man, and I am his own wife; I hope you do not thinke  
 we are otherwise than we should be.

*Mrs Smal.* I have a husband here too, helps his head, he was a  
 Man once, and I was a Woman, as this Gentleman the Courtier  
 knew well enough, but now I am no-body, thanke you pick-purses,  
 Pray

Pray spare 'em not, I'm sure they would not spare me when time was, do what I could.;

*Sure.* Take them hence, there will be order shortly  
To pack 'em to some forraigne parts, they are  
But Caterpillers, and what place soe're  
They come at will be th' worle fort; take 'em hence.

*Joc. Bil.* A mercy, mercy, mercy. *Exeunt Scots.*

*Omnes.* You have done Justice.

*Sure.* Y'ave seene these Scots defected, Gentlemen,  
And what d'you find 'em now to be, but Rascals ?  
Meere Mountebanks, that has instead of Cure  
Bred strange Diseases, and distempers 'mongst you ;  
Juglers, that look'd you in the face, and told  
You a fine tale, to keepe your senies busie,  
While they did pick your Pockets.

*Lay.* Our Pockets say you sir ? I, and something else too, could  
They have come at it ; but loft, loft, two words to a bargain.

*Sure.* Master *Smallfaith*, we shall do what lies in us,  
Upon your Recantation, to bring  
You into favour with the Common Wealth,  
And seat you as before, as Capable  
Of her Preferment.

*Smal.* I thanke you.

*His Wife.* Blessing on your hearts.

*Sure.* We make the same profession sir to you,  
On the like tearmes. You may do much  
Upon the giddy People, by th' example  
Of your own Reformation.

*Any.* Sir, I shall

Do what befits an honest man (abus'd )  
And servant to the Common Wealth.

*De.* And you sir,  
Are not exempted here the benefit  
Of favour if you will take hold of it.

*Soone.* I thanke you.

*Lay.* I, and hold it fast husband ; had I a good thing to handle, I'd  
make much on't a long time I warrant you.

*Sure.* As for these Gentlemen here, Master *Downfall*,  
 And Master *Worn-out*, we shall do our best  
 To set the one upon his legs agen;  
 And restore th' other, though not to his full  
 Ability, yet to a health contentable.

*Down. Worn.* We are your servants.

*Sure.* When all our minds and hearts are firmly knit,  
 Let the Scot do his worst, by Sword or Wit.

*Enchui,*

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FINIS.

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